

Super Secret Party

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Imagine working in a job where being a liar and a cheat is a pre-requisite. Imagine getting a job with people like this who have been doing it for years. What would it do to you? What type of person would you end up as. Welcome to the Super Secret Party.

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Eurospooks

Patrick stood in the London strip club with his new Spook work mates which was comprised of Spooks from different parts of Europe.

Richardson was pouring champagne down the ass of a stripper and the German counter-hacker Meyers was drinking it.

"Come on!" shouted Richardson and told Patrick to join in the christmas party.

"DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!" they shouted and clapped together.

Patrick closed his eyes and had a merry old drink of Champagne from the Stripper's arse.

"ARE YOU IN?!" screamed Richardson to Patrick who would be his new partner.

"YES!" shouted Patrick, reliving the 2012 All Ireland Hurling Final in his mind.

"You know something Patrick," said the Londoner Richardson placing his hand over Patrick's shoulder.

Patrick looked at his new partner.

"You're all right," he said and lit up a cigarette.

Patrick smiled and went into the bathroom where two of his team were having sex behind a closed toilet door.

Patrick relieved himself, ignoring the noise from the cubicle.

He looked at the text sent to him from his granny.

"Good luck with the new job, Patrick," she said.

Patrick zipped up his fly and left the toilet.

The Champagne was going to his head and he rubbed his eyes a little.

Richardson was now licking Tabasco sauce off the stripper's tits.

"Jesus Christ," said Patrick under his breath and then rejoined the party.

I Almost Do

In Monkstown Dublin Patrick stood in the church as the wedding music played.

Mary stood beside him while they waited for his best man and brother Jack to arrive.

"He has the ring," explained Patrick to the priest.

Patrick's father walked up to him and whispered in his ear.

"Jack's been arrested."

"What? On what charge?" replied Patrick who was a detective

His father Mick who was was a retired Garda made a face.

"Drugs dealing." He slipped a ring into Patrick's hand.

"Use your mother's ring for now," said Mick. "I'll act as best man."

Patrick sighed and looked over at his boss, knowing that before the end of the evening everyone would know.

Two Years Later

December 24.

Patrick was met at the airport by his mother and father on his own.

All around them people were dressed in costumes to celebrate Christmas.

He glanced at the families throwing their arms around each other but ignored them.

"Hi Mam," said Patrick.

Dinner. December 25.

Gran was at the table.

She was going senile.

Patrick was served the turkey and ham.

"How is the new job in London Patrick?" said Gran.

"I've been there two years Gran but it's going fine," replied Patrick.

"How is Mary?" said Gran lighting up her e-cigarette.

"We're divorced Gran."

"And how are the kids," continued Gran.

"They're in Dubai with their new Dad," replied Patrick pouring gravy over his turkey.

"Will Mary be coming over? I always liked Mary," said Gran.

"No we're divorced Gran," said Patrick.

"Really? Divorced. When did that happen?"

"Last year Gran," said Patrick.

"So she'll be coming over?"

"No Gran, we're divorced."

"I always liked Mary," said Gran.

"Does she have any hobbies?"

Patrick stopped pouring the gravy.

"Yes Gran, she's a swinger. That's what she likes about her new husband. They're both swingers and apparently the sex is much better." Patrick put some Cranberry sauce on his roasted potatoes.

"What's a swinger?" asked Gran.

Jack leaned in. "It's when adults like to play twister Gran." He had been let out of jail for Christmas.

"Oh, I love twister," smiled Gran.

Jumping Sideways

Patrick came home with a long face.

"You didn't get the promotion?" asked Mary.

"No, Stephanie got it."

"But you've been there longer than her!" said Mary.

"I know but they said she was right for the role. I think it's because of Jack. I won't make it to the next level because of what he done but no one is saying it to my face."

Mary made some tea. "It's not your fault he stored his drugs in your family home."

"I doesn't look good though."

He added sugar to his tea and stirred thoughtfully.

"I have an idea."

He took a piece of paper out of his pocket and showed it to Mary.

"What's this?" she asked.

"There's a new pan European counter intelligence unit being set up in London and they are looking for someone from Ireland with my kind of experience."

"London?"

Patrick pointed at the salary. "It's almost double my existing salary and they'll cover relocation costs."

"I'm not sure," replied Mary, "the kids are very happy in their schools."

"This could be the lucky break we need," said Patrick.

The Retirement Party

Tony the divisional head was retiring.

Patrick arrived with Mary.

"Welcome," said Tanya who smiled cheekily at Patrick and threw her arms around him.

"Who's this?" asked Tanya.

"This is Mary, my wife."

"You never told me she was so beautiful Patrick! Let's get cocktails girl!" said Tanya. She took Mary by the hand and took her over to the drinks cabinet.

"Patrick!" called Tony.

Patrick nodded and walked over to Tony.

"Thanks for making it Patrick. How are you finding London?"

"We're adjusting gradually."

Mary laughed out loud as she stood beside Tanya.

"Mary seems to be settling in fast. How about you?"

Patrick dropped his head a little.

"I'm grand," he replied.

"Look I know we paired you with the office animal Richardson but we needed to see if you'd sink or swim. I pride myself on being a good judge of character and I know you see through him. Let me offer you some advice."

"Thanks," replied Patrick.

"Get out while you can," said Tony.

"Pardon me?" replied Patrick.

"While you still have a soul."

Patrick sipped his beer. "And what do you suggest I do?"

"Anything but this. This job will turn you into an animal one day at a time."

"Maybe I want to be an animal," smiled Patrick.

"No Patrick, it's not you. I'm not just talking about you."

Tony glanced at Mary.

"In Dublin you were swimming in the shallow end of the pool. Now you're in London. This is a deep pool Patrick. Some people keep swimming on the surface quite fine, others like to dive deep and end up out of their depth."

Patrick became irritated. There was nothing for him to go home to.

"Well I appreciate the advice, enjoy your retirement."

"Anytime," replied Tony.

Richardson immediately came over to Patrick and threw his arm over his shoulder.

"Let's get drunk mate," said Richardson.

New Job

Mary looked excited as Patrick came home from work.

"Sit down," she said.

Patrick did so.

It was late and the kids were asleep.

"What's up babe?" asked Patrick.

"I got a job!" she said.

"What? Where?"

"I got a job in the local beauty salon in the West End," she said.

"I thought you wanted to be a stay at home mum? What about creche?"

"I've signed up the kids with a baby sitter, someone I know," she replied. "It won't cost anything extra."

"Why didn't we talk about this?"

Mary became angry. "I'M NOT SOME REPRESSED IRISH HOUSEWIFE ANYMORE!" she screamed at him.

"Hey calm down, I just thought."

"I'm doing it and that's all there is to it!" she said.

"Ok babe, ok," replied Patrick.

"Is there any dinner?" he asked.

"I was busy all day. Throw on a pizza," she replied.

"Ok," replied Patrick.

New And Improved

Sunday.

It was late when Mary came home.

Patrick was working on a case file.

"How did the training course go?" he asked yawning a little.

"Great, they did some work on me for free."

"Yeah, really?"

She pulled up the side of her skirt where there was a tattoo.

"Jesus, you got a tattoo," replied Patrick.

There was a love heart tattooed on her thigh.

"And take a look." She stuck out her tongue. "I got it pierced."

"May I ask why?"

"It'll be good for the sex," replied Mary. "I want to spice things up," she replied.

She showed him her new shiny shoes.

"Looking good babe," said Patrick and he went back to his active case file which he was trying to crack.

The Divorce

When Patrick came home there was a note on the table.

The kids were gone and the apartment had been cleaned out.

Mary had written a note.

I don't love you anymore.

I want a divorce.

Patrick picked up his phone and Richardson answered.

"Richardson?" replied Patrick. "Why are you answering my wife's phone?"

"Look mate, she doesn't love you anymore. Don't call again. She's moved in with me. Just deal with the solicitors and keep it professional. See you in work on Monday. Plenty more fish in the sea mate."

Richardson hung up.

Patrick clicked off and sat down in the empty apartment.

He wanted to break it up but didn't want to lose the deposit.

He wanted to beat up Richardson but he needed the job.

The Governor

"You asked to see me," said Thompson.

She sat behind her large imposing desk and was in charge of the department.

"I'd like a transfer," said Patrick.

"Why?" asked the governor.

"Because Richardson is sleeping with my wife."

"She's divorcing you, it's not quite the same thing. Ex-wife," said Thompson.

Patrick nodded sadly.

"No can do," said Thompson.

"Why not," Patrick had a long face.

"Because I'd have to move half the staff in my department."

Thompson sat forward. "Look Patrick, you do a good job but we're trained to be liars and cheats. Maybe you should take a different approach."

"Like what?"

"If you can't beat them join them."

Patrick raised his eyes. "I'm not a swinger."

"Then maybe you're in the wrong line of business."

Patrick sucked in a deep breath and got out of his chair.

The meeting ended.

A New Year

Patrick sat in his empty apartment in London as Big Ben rang out to call in the new year.

Outside people were cheering and clapping.

When the New Year arrived, Patrick got out of his worn leather sofa and walked over to his fish tank.

"Plenty more fish in the sea mates," said Patrick as he fed his fish.

